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INDIANA COLLECTION

In Memoriam

Helen Hitchcock Krauss

December 23, 1888



July 22, 1963





INDIANA COLLECTION

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*Helen Hitchcock Krauss*



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*Helen Hitchcock Krauss*

## A BRIEF BIOGRAPHY

**H**ELEN AVERY KRAUSS was born in Kewanee, Illinois, December 23, 1888, the daughter of the late Rev. Dr. A. N. and Jeanette Meigs Hitchcock. Her Hitchcock and Meigs ancestors came from England to the Massachusetts Bay Colony in the very early Puritan settlements of 1637, to find a place of refuge to worship God according to their own consciences. They fought for freedom and helped to found this new nation. General Return Jonathan Meigs, hero of the battle of Stony Point in the Revolutionary War—adjutant to General “Mad Anthony” Wayne—and Captain James Avery, hero of the battle of Groton Heights, were direct ancestors. The Hitchcocks settled New Milford, Connecticut and a “plantation” on the Housatonic River in Massachusetts. Each following generation has given leadership to the growing life of both Church and State in America.

Within a year of her birth, the family moved to Oak Park, Illinois, her father Dr. Hitchcock becoming Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions of the Congregational Church, with offices in Chicago, where he served for the remainder of his active life. In retirement he spent much time here with us, and died at the Kinnaird Avenue parsonage, on his 90th birthday in 1944.

Mrs. Krauss had a happy childhood and young womanhood in Oak Park, Illinois, attending the Oak Park high school, and Rockford and Western Colleges, with a short period at Northwestern University. After college and university she taught the second grade in the public schools for two years in Sterling, Illinois, and Forest Park, Illinois. On New Year’s Eve, December 31, 1914 she married Paul H. Krauss, then a senior seminarian at the Chicago Lutheran Theological Seminary. She was married by her father, the Rev. Dr. A. N. Hitchcock, and my father, the Rev. Professor E. F. Krauss, in the Hitchcock home in Oak Park. After three years in our first and only other church, Mt. Zion Lutheran, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania—then a year in the Navy Chaplaincy—and a year in student work for the Board of Education of the United Lutheran Church, during which time of traveling we lived at the Hitchcock home in Oak



Park, Illinois, we came on November 1, 1920, to the Pastorate of Trinity English Evangelical Lutheran Church, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Over the forty-three years in this pastorate Helen Krauss as a minister's wife has represented everything ideal, in Christian love, sacrifice, and spiritual genius, to her husband, to Trinity Church and particularly its women's work, to the Community, and "where'er she walked." As so many of you know, with gratitude, she was deeply spiritual, in a wholly natural and happy fashion. That is why she could teach the Bible so winningly. That is why people came from her feeling better for having been with her. Her personality had the unique quality of the saints, of spiritual and almost physical healing. She was one of them. She loved people, unselfishly. She found joy in our daughter Constance as she grew up, and in our grandchildren, Paul H. and Lucinda Avery Morris. She rejoiced in her family, her older sister, Mrs. John H. Vernet, of Racine, Wisconsin, who preceded her in death nine years ago, her brother, Harold B. Hitchcock, of Evanston, Illinois, and her younger sister, Mrs. Kenneth C. McMurry, of Ann Arbor, Michigan, who survive her departure.

Now she knows, by the Love of the Christ Whom she served so well, the ineffable joys of companionship with God, and reunion with the host of dear ones on the other side. Heaven is richer for her presence. By the Grace and Mercy of God may we follow in the train of such love, and at last also have a place in the company of the Saints in Glory Everlasting.

By her husband,  
PAUL H. KRAUSS

*"Where'er you walk —  
Cool gales shall fan the glade,  
Trees, where you sit,—  
Shall crowd into a shade.*

*Where'er you tread —  
A lovely flower shall rise,  
And all things flourish,—  
Where'er you turn your eyes!"*

# THE MEDITATION

at the funeral in  
Trinity Church  
July 25, 1963—by  
THE REV. CHARLES B. FOELSCH, PH.D., D.D.



“Grace be to you and peace from  
God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ.”



“The Strife is O’er, the Battle done  
The Victory of Life is won,  
The Song of Triumph has begun,  
Alleluia!”



“Strong Son of God, Immortal Love,  
Whom we that have not seen Thy face  
By faith, and faith alone embrace,  
Believing where we cannot prove,  
Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;  
Thou madest man, he knows not why,  
He thinks he was not made to die;  
And Thou hast made him: Thou art just.”

Amen

## I CORINTHIANS 4:14, AND 18

*"We know that he who raised up the Lord Jesus shall raise up us also by Jesus . . . while we look not at the things that are seen, but at the things which are not seen, for the things that are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."*

You will understand that warm personal feelings are in my heart today and that personal references are necessary, and surely—I pray—in good taste too.

**F**IFTY YEARS AGO when your pastor and I were Seminary students, we'd go down to Oak Park to call on the Hitchcocks. For fifty years we have all been close friends, and I am the more grateful for the quite undeserved, but blessed, honor of sharing in this service, to thank God with you today for that "Beautiful Saviour" whose Presence was evoked for us anew in the organ's hymn melody a moment ago . . . for the precious memories of a blessed friendship, and for God's gift to us of this saintly life: Helen Hitchcock Krauss.

It is not, God forbid, for empty eulogy that I've come to-day, but for the comfort of the gospel, and to place, tenderly if I may, a triad of bright roses upon the bier of a bright spirit who knew Whom she believed and was persuaded that He is able to keep that which she had committed to Him against that day.



MY FIRST ROSE, crimson red, is for her Faith, that Faith that, responding to God's grace, trod bravely

*"on the seeming void  
and found  
the Rock beneath,"*

that Faith

*"that lay in dust life's glory dead  
Till from the ground there blossomed red  
Life that shall endless be. . . ."*

Faith, for Helen, became an acrostic:

F-A-I-T-H

Forsaking all I follow Him.

Pastor Sjauken, will you, for me and for us all, kindly lay upon the casket this red, red Rose.



THE SECOND ROSE—this golden one—is for her Hope—no token of it brighter than her smile. . . .

Last Eastertime, as Paul was telling me, at the Homestead down Virginia way, a gracious cultured gentleman with his lady came to Paul and Helen—Helen wan and weak and worn, but smiling her hope-laden smile—and, understandably hesitant, said in an aside to Paul, “You won’t misunderstand, but my wife and I want to say that your wife has the sweetest smile we have ever seen.” And ten thousand of us who were not strangers will say a grand Amen to that, knowing that the smile was the outward sign of a deep inner (dare I say without being counted a heretic by people who have no imagination?) *sacramental* grace!

And so, Pastor Sjauken. . . .



THE THIRD ROSE—the loveliest of the three—is for *Love*—  
*that would not let her go—nor us—*  
*that Love that dearly dearly loved*  
*And let her love Him too. . . .*

and evoked in her the response of a love that made one think of the little girl’s message that she placed at the garden gate with a childish scrawl on the envelope: TO ANYONE WHO FINDS THIS—I LOVE YOU!

Her Saviour was her true love—and then her Paul—but there was such an abundance of this Love of hers that we all felt the glow of it! So I dare today in your name—though I claim with much thanksgiving a personal share in it—to ask Pastor Sjauken to put there, with the Rose of Faith and the Rose of Hope, this Rose of Love—these three, but the greatest of these is Love.



And now I could wish, with Sir Edward at Robert Browning's funeral, that a bright-clad trumpeter would come on the triforium gallery and on his trumpet blow a loud clear melodious Victory blast, that Helen is not dead!, I heard it yesterday during a moving moment at an Air Force assembly. With her rich Puritan heritage—and, ah, what a gentleman of Jesus Christ her father was—Helen Krauss would have loved the towering melody of a hymn that five hundred Air Force folk yesterday at noon sang to God at Estes Park in the Rockies, at their Spiritual Life Conference.

*O Lord my God when I in awesome wonder  
Consider all the worlds thy hands have made. . . .  
And know that on the cross my burden gladly bearing  
Christ bled and died to take away my sin,  
Then sings my soul my Saviour God to thee  
How great Thou art, How great Thou art!*

You see, we look not at the things that are seen but at the things that are not seen, for the things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are not seen are eternal.

I was thinking of that text yesterday as twilight neared and my jet took off from Stapleton Field near Denver. It climbed swiftly through the darkening overcast and as it climbed, jolting uncomfortably in the turbulence, I noticed on the window's glass beside me the splash marks of the rain drops that had lashed it—At last, laboriously, it seemed to me, the airplane came to its 33,000 foot altitude just above the boiling sea of clouds.

My thoughts were still somber, I fear, as I thought of this funeral and of our loss, and of this text—"We look not at the things that are seen." . . .

And then the insight came and consolation with it. Man, I said to myself, we must not look *at* the things that are seen—we must look through them! Don't look *at* the window glass—if you do, you'll see the dismal blotches—look through it!

I did it—and, lo, as if sent as a Vision to give me cheer in a bleak hour, far away in the distant west beyond the sea of cloud and all its boiling threatenings there were two great mountains of cloud jutting up into the heights and between them and beyond, glistening in the brightness of the waning sun, was a vision of sunlit snowy peaks of cloud that looked to me to be a very foregleam sent by God of the holy city, the new Jerusalem “Where God shall be with men and he will dwell with them and they shall be his people and God himself shall be with them, and he shall wipe away all tears from their eyes and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, (ah, Helen, how great *that* boon!) for the former things are passed away.”

That is it! Let the alleluias sound! While we look not at the things that are seen—this casket, that grave yonder, these flowers with which we try to mask our misery and bolster our feeble faith—but through them to see the Risen Christ our Saviour and all his people with them,



*“Thine is the Glory  
Risen conquering Son  
Endless is the Victory  
Thou o’er death hast won!”*



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